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Erected June 12th, 1870

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,
PORTLAND, MAINE, Aug. 6, 1914.

To the Priests and people in the Diocese of Portland, Maine.
Apostolic greeting:

The Holy Father, Pope Pius X, calls upon all the Bishops, priests and people of the Catholic Church to offer private and public prayer for the restoration of peace among the Nations of Europe.

To be the Peacemaker is his Divine and human mission in the world, as the living representative and highest Ambassador of the Prince of Peace.

There was a happy time, when his voice would strongly and reverently call upon all the present warring Europe, Kings and peoples to lay down their arms, at least for a time, and find some way to forgive or redress their mutual wrongs, and his voice was heeded.

The tempest now rages high above the voice of Christ and of Peter, and the world has sent forth its dictum: We will not have this Christ to rule over us nor His Vicar's voice to tell us the words of truth and peace.

The Church, therefore, may now only pray, exhort and appeal in all truth and love, and to restore peace with honor to all and Glory to God must now be our aim and prayer.

Wherefore on every Sunday while the war lasts and until a Treaty of Peace is signed there will be said at every Mass, immediately after the reading of the Gospel, the following: Our Father and Hail Mary once, the Glory be to the Father, etc., once, and the invocation: "Prince of Peace, restore Thy peace among the Nations," once.

The same will be said during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament Finally the invocation. "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us" will be said three times after every Low Mass.

Uniting thus all Catholic minds and hearts for unity and peace, we wish also all other Apostolic Blessings to the Priests and people by the Diocese.

Yours Sincerely in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

THE ANNUAL CLERICAL RETREAT

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,

PORTLAND, ME., August 1, 1914.

Rev. dear Father:—

The Annual Retreat for the priests of the Diocese of Portland will open at the San Sauveur Hotel, Bar Harbor, on Monday, Sept. 21, at 7 P. M., and close on Friday, Sept. 25, at 2 P. M.

The selection of priests for the retreat has been made so as to provide for the spiritual needs of the Diocese during that time; hence one or more priests will minister to all the faithful in each locality. The Pastor will please notify the people where a priest may be reached in case of urgent need.

All are to attend the retreat unless written exemption is granted by the Ordinary of the Diocese. Each priest will bring a cassock, surplice and biretta; also copies of the Missal and Ritual containing the Rubrics, and the Diocesan Statutes.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

LOUIS S. WALSH,

Bishop of Portland.

LIST FOR ANNUAL RETREAT, 1914.

Rt. Rev. Bishop
Rt. Rev. M. C. McDonough, V. G., P. A., P. R.
Rt. Rev. Mgr. E. F. Hurley
Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. A. Hamel, P. R.
Very Rev. Mgr. C. W. Collins

Ahern, Rev. J. J.
Bardin, Rev. V.
Beaudin, Rev. L. G.
Barry, Rev. A. J.
Bergeron, Rev. L.
Bergeron, Rev. N.
Boivin, Rev. P. J.
Bourbeau, Rev. R.
Butler, Rev. T. F., P. R.
Buhrer, Rev. Paul von
Casavant, Rev. J. O.
Keegan, Rev. J.
Keenan, Rev. J.
Kenely, Rev. M. J.
Laventure, Rev. LL. A.
Laverdiere, Rev. J. A.
Lee, Rev. R. F.
LeGuennec, Rev. J. M.
Linehan, Rev. T. P., P. R.
Mahoney, Rev. T. John
Mahoney, Rev. T. Joseph
Maney, Rev. T. C.

Cassidy, Rev. C. J.
Charland, Rev. N.
Culbert, Rev. W. J.
Curran, Rev. M. A.
Decary, Rev. A. M.
Decary, Rev. Z. B.
Desjardine, Rev. P. E.
Drain, Rev. M. F.
Driscoll, Rev. J. A.
Drolet, Rev. J.
Dugre, Rev. A.
Dupont, Rev. P. E.
Farley, Rev. J. A.
Finn, Rev. J. J.
Flanagan, Rev. P. F.
Flynn, Rev. J. A.
Flynn, Rev. J. P.
Forest, Rev. G. A.
Forest, Rev. R.
Garrity, Rev. P. J., P. R.
Gauthier, Rev. E.
Glynn, Rev. L.
Gorman, Rev. J. P.
Gory, Rev. H.
Griffin, Rev. M.
Hamakers, Rev. H. H.
Harrington, Rev. J. M.
Hayes, Rev. J. A.
Henry, Rev. E. B.
Hogan, Rev. J. F.
Horton, Rev. P. E.
Houlihan, Rev. J. W.
Huot, Rev. L. Z.
Joncas, Rev. G. A.
Karne, Rev. F. A.
Kealy, Rev. J. E.
Marcoux, Rev. J.
Martin, Rev. D.
McCabe, Rev. D. A.
McCarthy, Rev. J., P. R.
McLaughlin, Rev. T. J.
McGill, Rev. H. J.
McGinnis, Rev. J. J.
Moriarty, Rev. T. H.
Murnane, Rev. E.
Nelligan, Rev. J. F.
Nelligan, Rev. J. P.
Nelligan, Rev. T. J.
Nonorgues, Rev. L.
Normand, Rev. J. A.
O'Brien, Rev. J. D.
O'Brien, Rev. J. P.
O'Dowd, Rev. John
O'Dowd, Rev. T. J.
O'Connor, Rev. M. F.
Orieux, Rev. J.
O'Sullivan, Rev. C.
Pihan, Rev. I.
Petillo, Rev. A.
Poirier, Rev. G.
Pomerleau, Rev. M.
Quinn, Rev. J. D.
Reardon, Rev. P. M.
Rice, Rev. J. J.
Rouzeau, Rev. E.
Sekenger, Rev. J. B.
Shea, Rev. C. F.
Silke, Rev. P. M.
Sullivan, Rev. J. J.
Sullivan, Rev. J. W.
Tranchemontagne, Rev. J.

Priests on Duty in Various Localities.

Portland,

Cathedral, Rev. T. H. Houlihan
Rev. G. P. Johnson
St. Domnic's, Rev. M. J. O'Keefe
Ashland, Rev. A. Pelletier
Bangor, Rev. E. J. Lynch
Bath, Rev. N. J. Horan
Brunswick, Rev. Marist Father

Biddeford, Rev. A. Rene
Calais, Rev. G. J. Pettit
Dover and *Greenville,* Rev. P. A. Hayes
Hallowell, Rev. J. A. Carey
Jackman, Rev. J. Forest
Lewiston, Rev. Dominican Fathers
Rev. J. N. Desilets
Rev. E. J. Fitzpatrick
Millinocket, Rev. M. J. Reilly
Old Town, Rev. M. A Clary
Presque Isle, Rev. J. L. Renaud
Rockland, Rev.
Rumford, Rev. J. A. Laflamme
So. Berwick, Rev. D. J. O'Brien
St. Agatha, Rev. E. Etenaud
Upper Frenchville, Rev. T. Bergeron
Van Buren, Caribou, Lille, Rev. Marist Fathers
Waterville, Rev. Dominican Father
Rev. J. Chatagnon
Westbrook, Rev. L. D. Ouellette

CLERICAL CHANGES

The Rt. Rev. L. S. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Portland, on the feast of the Transfiguration, August 6th. 1914, made the following appointments to take place on Monday, August 10th, 1914.

The Rev. N. J. Horan from the pastorate of the Immaculate Conception Church, Calais, to that of the Immaculate Conception, Bath.

The Rev. George Pettit from St. Denis, Fort Fairfield, to the Immaculate Conception Church, Calais.

The Rev. John Sullivan to St. Denis, Fort Fairfield.

The Rev. Zeno Decary from the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Fairfield to St. Augustines, Augusta.

The Rev. Alexander Dugre to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Fairfield.

The Very Rev. C. W. Collins from St. Martha's, Kennebunkport to St. Teresa's, South Brewer.

The Rev. Fred A. Karpe from St. Teresa's, South Brewer to the Church of the Holy Cross, South Portland.

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR JULY

1. Final decision to transfer St. Joseph's Home for old ladies from Deering to house recently bought on Locust St., until some better provision may be made.

2. So. Berwick—First "Reception of Religious Habit" in the new Novtiate of Sisters of St. Joseph at So. Berwick. Ceremony in the parish Church—three postulants.

4. Special Mass "For our Country" offered in Cathedral at 8 o'clock.

Sunday, 5. Kennebunk—Visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop to Kennebunkport in the morning, Confirmation after Mass, and at Kennebunk in the afternoon. First time the Sacrament was administered in either place. Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in a hall at Bridgton by Rev. Joseph D. Quinn, first time in that place or locality. Catholic and non-Catholics well pleased.

7. Examination of candidates for the Seminary—two students.

Sunday, 12. Canonical visitation of Mother House of Sisters of Mercy at Deering.

13. Bishop Harkins of Providence came to spend a few weeks in Maine.

15. Conference to Sisters of Mercy at the close of the Retreat at St. Joseph's, Deering.
Conference with John B. Madigan, Esq., of Houlton on Hospital property.

16. Waterville—Canonical visitation of Mt. Merici, Mother House of Ursulines at Waterville. Conference with pastors of Waterville.

17. Waterville—Rt. Rev. Bishop presided at Canonical election of Mother Superior of the Ursulines at Mt. Merici. Visit to Hospital of Sisters of Charity.

Sunday, 19. Bangor—Sister Gonzaga (Sister of Mercy) died at St. Mary's Convent, Bangor, after an illness of three months.

21. Bangor—Funeral of Sister Gonzaga at St. Mary's Church, Bangor.
Chisholm—Rev. J. LeGuennec returned from France and took charge of the parish at Chisholm.

23. Portland—Rev. Fr. Young, S. J., recently ordained, offered Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Chapel of the Cathedral.
Visitor General of the Dominican Fathers, Rev. Fr. Thiessling, O. P., and Rev. H. Haze, O. P., visit at Dominican Monastery in Lewiston.
Tridunn in honor of the International Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes in France opened in all the parish Churches and Convent Chapels of Diocese.

24. Pleasant Point, Eastport—Sister de Pazzi (Sister of Mercy), after spending thirty-two years of religious life, twenty-five of these years among the Indians on three reservations, died at Pleasant Point near Eastport.

Sunday, 26. Yarmouth—Feast of St. Anne. Confirmation at Yarmouth in the evening.

27. Pleasant Point—Funeral Mass for late Sister de Pazzi in the Chapel on the Indian Reservation at Pleasant Point, burial at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Bangor.
Portland—Canonical visitation of Mother House of Sisters of Mercy completed.

31. Portland—Rev. John W. Power, assistant and Director of Sanctuary Choir at the Cathedral, died about 4 P. M. at the Sanatorium, Rutland, Mass., after an illness of about two months with tuberculosis of the lungs.

Portland:—New property, house and land, 8 Locust St., Portland, bought as Diocese property by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

Augusta:—Two lots of land, connecting parts of other Church property in St. Augustine's parish, Augusta, presented to the Diocese and parish by Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. A. Hamel, P. R. New Parish school building and Convent in St. Mary's parish, Augusta, by remodeling property purchased a year ago by Rev. Thomas J. Nelligan for the parish.

Bar Harbor:—New lot of land for Parish School at Bar Harbor, bought by General Edward Morrell and presented to the Diocese. Ground broken for new brick school house on July 14, and foundation well begun during the month.

Dover:—Rectory and land for future growth of Church in Dover bought by the Rev. P. A. Hayes.

Frankfort:—Old Chapel at Frankfort, not used since the building of new Church, sold.

Gardiner:—Rectory at Gardiner sold to be removed and replaced by the Ring house, recently purchased to enlarge the lot for the new Church. Old Church in Gardiner removed last year to lot in rear, to be used in the future for school and hall purposes. Plans and specifications for new Church, prepared by Architect Graham of Boston, accepted and contract awarded to F. W. Cunningham & Sons of Portland. Work to begin at once, all under supervision of the Rector, Rev. P. H. Reardon.

Lisbon Falls:—New property for Rectory, Convent and School bought at Lisbon Falls by Rev. John F. Nelligan, Rector.

Patten:—New Church building begun at Patten under direction of Rev. William J. Culbert, Rector of Benedicta.

Stockholm:—New property, house and land for Chapel, bought at Stockholm by Rev. J. Tranchemontagne, Rector of No. Lyndon.

Woodland:—New Rectory begun by the Rector, Rev. Colin F. Shea.

Documents.

1. Trideum for International Eucharistic Congress.
2. Collection for the Holy Father.
3. List for Retreat of the Priests.
4. Notices on two Sisters of Mercy who died.
5. Notice on Rev. John Power, late assistant at Cathedral in Portland.

ON CARMEL HEIGHTS

A holy stillness fills the very air,
The tapers flicker, and the organ sobs
Like zephyr sweet; almost the heart's low throbs
Are heard aloud like whisperings of prayer,
Adown the aisle they pass—Christ's chosen Fair,
Apart from all the world's most cherished hopes,
To walk with Him on Carmel's mystic slopes,
Where peace untold and unsurpassed they share,
Adown the aisle their Saviour with him goes,
The hallow of His presence all can feel,
The perfume of His raiment flows around,
His Sacred Heart with love divine o'erflows
Along the way where fervent spouses kneel,—
His own, His dear ones, whom His grace has bound
To lowly service, hidden and unknown,
To live for Him, to love Him—Him alone.

CARMENELLA.

"If friendships impart so much pleasure in this life where they are unfortunately short-lived, what must be the delight of social unions in heaven, where they are never broken by death or estrangement! O blessed fellowships founded on virtue and religion, which begin with time and endure through eternity."

"A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he who hath found him, hath found a treasure. Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold or silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity. A faithful friend is the medicine of life and immortality, and they that fear God shall find him."

Midsummer Lady Day

August is the month of pilgrimages to the shrines of Our Lady, and the favorite days for those crusaders of faith and fervor are Sundays and the fifteenth of the month, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into heaven.

In the old countries this is a high festival in honor of the Queen of heaven and in all Catholic parts of every country, a holy day of obligation. Let the devout clients of Mary show her that sea and sky have not changed the affection of her children and that in our times and our land devotion is as fervent as in other lands and other times.

We commemorate the assumption and the coronation of one who was a creature like ourselves, though by principle far above us in sanctity.

The coronation of our Lady is an encouragement to us to coöperate with the graces which her divine Son merited for us and which she, our Mother, obtained for those who are faithful to her.

There is always danger in our days of people neglecting these holy days of obligation. The Church in her motherly solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her children, calls them now and again to pause in the hurry of their busy lives and rest both body and soul by abstaining from servile labor and by assisting at Mass.

But how many grasp at the slightest excuse to free themselves from the responsibility. The Church never demands things that are impossible, but good will often make possible what sloth finds impossible. If work cannot be laid aside, at least the spiritual part of the obligation of hearing Mass might be fulfilled. If this, too, cannot be, then show good will by receiving the Benediction of our Lord in the evening and by reciting the rosary devoutly. Here is a splendid opportunity for reparation in behalf of yourself and others.

This festival of the Assumption should not be passed by without paying the tribute of deepest heartfelt devotion to Our Blessed Lady.

Many writers affirm that it is a tradition of the church of Ephesus that the Blessed Virgin died and was buried there, but no vestige of such tradition can be found nor is it known that a single author of the first ten centuries at all mentions the existence of it.

St. Modestus, St. Andrew of Crete, St. John of Damascus, and St. Gregory of Tours derived their belief in Mary's Corporal assumption from the apocrypha and the Church has always approved and handed on the tradition. And, indeed, it seems but fitting that such should be the glory and honor of the Mother of God, the Immaculate Tabernacle of the Most High.

"Far down the ages of Eternity,
Ere stars their virgils kept,
Within the bosom of the God most High,
The thought of Mary slept.
And when the new made stars gave praise to God
On glad creation's morn,
They were but figures of a brighter Star
God's Mother, yet unborn."

ALL SERVICE RANKS THE SAME WITH GOD

All service ranks the same with God;
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and most
Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small?'
Costs it more pain this thing ye call
A 'great event' should come to pass
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which makes up life, one deed
Power shall fall short in, or exceed.

Browning.

A Miracle of Faith

One of the most sublime teachings of Holy Writ is its presentation of the workings of Divine Providence in a visible and marvelous manner, in the small as well as the great events which make up the lives of men. We see God triumph in battles, overthrow cities, destroy thrones, ruin empires. Kings become rods in His hands wherewith to scourge other kings; people, calamities with which to destroy other people; the elements, ministers of justice which devastate a world. On the other hand, we see Him sustain the frail basket of reeds in which a child floats upon the water; place an olive branch in the beak of the ark-returning dove; direct the wings of the raven that bears food to His prophet; speed the stone from the sling of a shepherd boy, who is afterward to become the ruler of His people. And in this mixture of the great and the small, of catastrophe and insignificance, man discovers the ways in which Infinite Wisdom works with omnipotent foresight. He sees face to face the divine beneficence of One who directs all things for the ultimate good of His children; and in the shadow of that limitless love, under the shelter of that supreme power, he rests tranquilly, like the child cradled in the love of a mother and the strength of a father.

True, the time has passed in which patriarchs and prophets conversed familiarly with their Creator, and received His Commands by means of celestial messengers and prodigious signs. But truth is older than time; it neither decays nor dies. God remains forever the same; He is pleased sometimes to rend the veil which hides Him, in order to demonstrate to man that the omnipotent Hand, which worked success and failure in Bible days, yet guides the happenings of existence; that the same paternal solicitude that fed the Israelites in the desert feeds now the wanderer who trusts in Him, and that, today, yesterday, and tomorrow, one should replace in every tongue the pagan word Fate, by the more beautiful and blessed Christian thought, Providence.

The little story here related is taken from a collection published by a prominent Spanish novelist—Father Luis Colomba, of the Society of Jesus, and its absolute truth in every particular has been vouched for by an eminent and holy Archbishop, who received the account from the person concerned in the narration.

In that portion of Mexico known as the Tierras Calientes or Hot Lands, is the town of Huacana, about seventy miles distant

from Morelia, the capital of Michoacan. It contains some five thousand inhabitants, and is the market of all the villages and farms for twenty leagues around. The prevalence of a multitude of diseases (which the heat, great even in winter, renders unusually severe)—constant malaria and yellow fever, with other complaints indigenous to the locality—keep strangers away from the beautiful country, and make it one of the least populous districts in Mexico. Nevertheless, it is richer than any other portion—like an infected Paradise in which it is forbidden to dwell. The flora and fauna are superb in variety and beauty. Magnificent rivers roll through the land; groves of palm, plantains and fruit—trees cover its surface, alternating with rich forests of precious woods. Birds of wonderful plumage, for which science and fashion dispute—the one for its cabinets, the other for its caprices; game of all kinds, from the hare to the leopard, from deer, which abound, to the jaguar with its spotted skin and ferocious cunning, swarm in the thick underbrush of the mountain defiles. And in the midst of this ostentatious luxury of nature, deep in the bosom of the opulent but inhospitable earth, as if wicked spirits had buried it there to mock at human covetousness, is hidden treasure of copper, of iron, of silver, that not even the grasping fingers of avarice have been able to disinter.

Laziness, which fertility of soil and the enervation of a tropical climate help to increase, is the general vice of the natives, who for the most part descended from early Spanish settlers from Andalusia and Estremadura. They have not the cunning of most indolent races, whose habitual gentleness disguises somewhat the quick passion smouldering beneath. They are simple, hospitable, generous, and brave. When roused to anger, the panthers of their native woods are not more terrible than they, with the long slender Moorish dagger, which they use with consummate skill in their quarrels. To "play the knife" as they call it, with greater dexterity than any others of their countrymen is the highest glory to which they aspire; and during the bloody combats in which their champions indulge, if the injuries are limited to the loss of only an arm or a leg, the bystanders are accustomed to say, with the greatest indifference: "Ah, it was like swan's-down."

Toward the close of the year 1868 the Archbishop of Michoacan arrived at Huacana, to prepare for Confirmation at the parish church of San Juan de Huaca. It was his first visit to this portion of his diocese, and the country people received him with an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. Bands of men and women came from the distant mountains; long processions on foot or on horseback, journeyed down the precipitous paths, singing joyously on the way, and running like pleased children to salute the Archbishop. According to the customs of the

country, each brought an offering—gifts in almost every case of too great value for the poverty of their condition. "I have a young milch cow for your Grace." "And I a yoke of oxen." "And I a fine colt." Overwhelmed by such spontaneous and splendid generosity, the good Archbishop attempted to find some way in which, without wounding their pride and self-respect, he could spare his people the sacrifices they were making in his behalf. Receiving them with most paternal affection, he succeeded in making them understand that he would be more pleased with some simple present of fruit or flowers, while giving full credit to the large-heartedness of their desire to do him honor. With admirable tact, he thus bestowed on them again their own charity; and, as result of the compromise, the largest building in the town overflowed with melons, oranges, lemons and cocoanuts, from which the rustic visitors were generously fed.

One day on entering the confessional, according to his custom on these pastoral visits, in order himself to prepare the older people desiring confirmation, he saw a poor paralytic waiting his turn patiently among the throng. Beckoning to him, that he might be spared the weariness of long delay, the prelate, before hearing his confession, began to question him, as was necessary because of the ignorance of Christian doctrine in those remote regions, where priests were few and far between.

"Where do you come from, my child?"

"From the mountain, about fifteen leagues away, little Father," answered the old man, with his loving use of diminutives which belongs to primitive races.

"And how did you get here?"

"On the back of a mule, little Father."

"Are you married?"

"I am a widower, little Father, with two little girls, who are married now."

"What is your occupation?"

"A hunter, little Father."

"You—a hunter!" said the prelate, astonished and smiling.

"Yes, little Father," answered the paralytic, very seriously.

"But what do you hunt?"

"I hunt deer, my little Father."

"Deer! Oh, my good man, that can not possibly be!" said the kind Archbishop, half amused, half annoyed, convinced that he had to do either with a weak minded fellow or a wag. But his doubt as to sincerity was soon removed; and a lively curiosity took hold of him when the old man, with a gentle deprecating shrug, but an expression of simple conviction, as if he were offering the key of the enigma, went on:

"It certainly could not be if my Father God did not help me."

Surprised and moved at the naive answer, the Archbishop began to inquire his meaning, more particularly.

"You see, your Worship, this is the way. As I told you before, my wife died long ago, and left me with two young children to bring up. Ever since, this is the way I have passed the days the Lord has given me to live: I get up in the morning and say a prayer to my Father God. Then I eat the food my little girls have left for me; and dragging myself along as well as I am able, I go into the field near my hut with my carbine. When I get a few steps away from the house, my Father God sends a deer, just as I asked Him in my prayer. I shoot him; my children come and drag him into the house; and with the flesh and skin, which we sell, we have supported ourselves all these years."

The Archbishop, amazed at the story, and the simple ingenuousness with which it was told, in the quaint and picturesque dialect of the region, waited a moment before he asked the old man to repeat the prayer which he made each morning to Him, whom, with the trusting confidence of a child, he called "Father."

"Oh, I can not do that! I can not do that, little Father!" answered the paralytic.

"And why not?"

"Because it would make me too much ashamed."

"But, my child, don't you say it each morning to God?"

"Ah, yes, little Father! But my Father God—why, you see it is quite another thing with Him."

"But I beg you to tell me. Why will you not give me this pleasure?"

"Little Father, I would like to do anything you wish, but not this; this would make me too much ashamed."

"But when I beseech you! Come, now, my dear child, do me the favor I ask. Don't mind at all, but tell me."

"But, my little Father, I didn't learn this prayer from any book, and no one ever taught me a word of it."

"No matter—no matter! Let me hear it."

"Well, then, little Father, since you insist, and if you won't laugh at me. When I kneel down by my bed, I say: 'Eh, Father God! It was you who gave me these two little girls that I have; and it was you who gave me this sickness which won't let me get about. I have to feed my little girls, so that they won't be driven to do something to offend you. Come now, Father, bring me a deer today where I can shoot it, and so bring help to my poor children."

The Archbishop listened silently and reverently, as if the Prince of the Church were receiving a lesson from the humble creature before him; and the old man continued with the same simplicity: "That's the whole prayer, little Father; then when I say it, I go into the field, sure to meet what I prayed for to my Father God; and I always meet it. It's twenty years now, but it has never failed me; for my Father God is very good— oh, very good."

"M. E. B."

Eucharistic Solemnities

While Catholics from most every part of the Christian world were assembled at Lourdes for the great Eucharistic Congress of 1914, the timely suggestion that at least a part of the time during which this great gathering would remain in session at the world famous shrine should be devoted to the work of bringing the beauties and consolations of devotion towards our Lord in the ever Adorable Sacrament more clearly before the Catholic people of our country, was generally taken up in the different parts of the United States with the result that numerous triduums filled with devotions towards the Blessed Eucharist were held in many of our churches thus enabling our good Catholic people to unite with their brethren at Lourdes during the closing days of the Eucharistic Congress.

Friday evening, July 24th, 1914, at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Portland, a vast concourse of people assembled in response to the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop to pay their homage in common with their fellow Catholics at Lourdes to the Eucharistic King.

In an address noted for the spirit of faith and devotion to the Holy Eucharist, Bishop Walsh in touching upon the object of the celebration, said in part: "Tonight in the beautiful and picturesque little city of Lourdes in the Pyrenes there are hundreds of prelates and two hundred thousand faithful Catholics assembled to proclaim their faith, love, and reverence for the King of Kings, our Master and our God.

Here in Portland we gladly join in the grand procession in attesting our faith in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. It is the best protest against unbelief and moral degeneracy. We must make our belief in God the corner stone of our lives. Where there is one degenerate there should be ten willing Catholic volunteers to fill the breach. It is the only stable security for our families, our country and our homes."

A Tale of Eventide

The welcome shades of an August twilight were gathering and deepening rapidly. The bewitching fragrance of exquisite wild flowers in the meadow was wafted hither on the wings of gentle evening zephyr, while the magical notes of a gay guitar came floating through the stillness. "How happy Natalie is," murmured May Howard, "she seems to have every wish of her heart satisfied, and my life is filled with sadness."

The little birds had ceased their singing and swung on the boughs near by. Only a faint chirp now and then revealed their presence. May was seated on the grassy bank of a tiny stream that danced merrily along under the shadows of the willows far down to the great wide river in the valley beyond.

After her graduation from the Academy May was to go and live with her maïden aunt, the only one on earth to whom she could turn for a home. Miss Howard really loved her niece, but had neither knowledge nor appreciation of things Catholic, and felt that were it in her power, when May came into her care, she would uproot the superstitious notions of Romanism instilled in the girls soul during early life.

The music ceased and May's dark head bent low until it rested on the mossy bank, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Tomorrow!" she sighed, tomorrow, I shall leave these dear friends, these true friends—and then, God only knows what awaits me."

Her aunt's voice seemed to ring in her ears as she had heard it yesterday: "When you are through school, May, we shall travel, I want you to see the world. You will be my heiress some day, and I want you to forget all those vain fancies about religion and do as I am doing."

May sighed deeply. What was Aunt Laila doing? Leading a vain and purposeless life. She sat up with a firm erect poise of her head and pressed her lips closely together. "No, I will never give up my religion, cost what it may. Aunt Laila may keep her money, if it is going to be the price of my Faith."

The musical flow of water lulled the girl into deep reverie and finally the dark lashes rested on the soft blooming cheeks and May was asleep.

"What myriads of brilliant stars enhance the splendor of the heavens! Hurry, May, and come out star-gazing! Fairy-land lies above us!" cried Bertha Hastings, as May Howard

came slowly out on the veranda, followed by a party of boys and girls who were enjoying the hospitality of her aunt's villa at Lake Maranacook.

"We have been planning a sail for Sunday morning," said Donald Keane.

"Oh," said Aunt Laila, "that accounts for the plotting and planning and endless secrets. That will be pleasant, indeed."

"May I ask for what time and place the sail is arranged?" said May.

"Away down the Lake, then up to Courtney's farm, then a twelve-mile ride 'over hill, over dale

Through park, through pale'—

and be prepared to step from your downy couch at the peep of dawn for we start at six A. M.," and Donald gave a wild flourish with his arms.

"Half-past six I go to church, for I must go on Sunday," said May petulantly, and a shadow of disapproval darkened her countenance.

"Oh! bother church! What is one Sunday from church. You will have to omit that pious duty for once, May," said Aunt Laila.

May glanced sadly at her girl friends, but thought it best to be silent just then. That evening, before retiring, May went to her Aunt and gently protested—but without effect. Her frail little raft was indeed tossing on the stormy billows of an atheist's scornful prejudice.

"Aunt Laila, it is four years since my graduation from the dear old Convent. Do not think that the memories of those happy days have been blotted out of my heart and mind."

"Stupid Convent days!" interrupted her aunt crossly. "I reproach myself for having allowed you to waste your glorious opportunities of enjoying life sooner."

"They may seem stupid and dull to you, Aunt Laila, because you do not understand my religion and its practices; but to me they will ever be dear. Do let me go to church and I can join the party later," and May knelt at her Aunt's side.

"Such a silly request, May, go to bed, dear child, and don't bother that pretty head of yours any more on that tonight."

May turned wearily on her pillow all night long and told her rosary over and over for the souls of her dear parents, whom the swift current of life had swept far away from their moorings, and had tossed her shipwrecked on the barren island of unhappiness and unbelief.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. The golden sunlight rifting through the mist-laden valleys saw the merry party drifting out on the bosom of the placid lake. Notwithstanding her forced gaiety, the heart of one was sore. "Why did I not assert myself? Why did I not remain behind and go to Mass?

I should have insisted and Aunt Laile would have relented." Her conscience kept whispering these thoughts to her over and over. May's heart was very heavy.

"Let's fish! A prize for the best catch!' cried one of the boys as the boat glided into a veritable fairy pond in the heart of the mountains.

All were soon busily occupied in unreeling their poles and as soon were engaged in a very business-like manner when they began to fish. May silently threw her line into the still water. Little fish came and nibbled at the bait, but she made no attempt to draw in her line. Suddenly the far-off echo of a church bell came floating down over the water. May started suddenly and the boat gave such a lurch that she was thrown headlong into the lake.

The boys threw off their coats and jurmped in after her. With many struggles she was caught and dragged to shore.

"Oh, bring me a priest—I have been a dreadful girl—bring me a priest," she murmured faintly, and opened her eyes, to find Sister Clare and Sister Agnes bending over her.

"What is the matter, May?" said Sister Clare, "Your screams attracted our attention, and wehastened to the spot to find you calling out in your sleep. Come in, dear child, it is too damp and too late to be out here."

"You must have had an evening-mare," observed Sister Agnes humorously, as rosary in hand she bent over the dazed girl.

"Oh, Sisters, I had such a strange dream, I dreamed it was four years hence and that I was living with Aunt Laila, and—"

"You must have had a very strange dream, indeed, to sleep all this time. We have been searching everywhere on the grounds for you, and you missed the rehearsal for graduation," said Sister Clare.

May gladly arose and followed the Sisters into the Convent chapel.

That night the soft moonlight shone through the convent windows on a slight figure kneeling in prayer beside a snow-white bed. The light of grace seemed to shine in her face and illumine the little alcove, as she raised her eyes to heaven in silent gratitude and petition.

"Oh, dearest Lord, let me not stray from Thee, rather let me be one of Thy chosen souls. Let me live with Thee here, and let me serve Thee forever."

O. L. V.

OUR FLAG

Glowing and red, as the blood that was shed
On many a battlefield;
Spotless and bright, as the lives chaste-white
In noblest of struggles sealed;
Heaven's own azure, with red and white blent,
Star-gemmed e'en as the firnament;
Tri-colored standard, starred and barred
Never by stain of dishonor marred!
Silken thy folds and thy staff secure
Lifted aloft by the young and pure!
Fearlessly keep they their Altar tryst,
Bearing thee e'en to the feet of Christ!
Oh! in the light of His Cross alway,
Flag of our Country! wave e'en as today!
Do we defy those who fain would deny
That sons of Christ's Church can be
True to her laws, yet staunch to the cause
Of a country from bondage free?
Nay! Let no word of defiance ring,
But from the archives of glory bring
Records preserved from oblivion's mist
By Truth, the unerring annalist!
Read of our Mother Church who unfurled
Her standard, and 'neath it discovered a world;
Read in the names of its rivers and seas
What was their faith who discovered these.
Read in the names on the tombstones white
Their faith who died for freedom and right!
Oh! fearlessly keep ye your altar tryst—
Your Country's Flag bears the blessing of Christ.

M. E. J.

The Three R's and Another R

Soon our boys and girls and our young men and young women will be trooping off to school and college once more. Parents, on whom devolves the duty of forming, moulding, and educating their children will entrust part of this sacred duty to others. But the education of the child is primarily the duty of the parents. They may avail themselves of the aid of others—schools and teachers; but these are, or should be, only auxilliaries to the parents in the matter of education. By natural and divine right the duty and responsibility rest upon the parents; and the parents have not divested themselves of this responsibility when they have placed their children under the tutelage of others. Their duty and responsibility as parents demand that they be conscientious in their choice of school or teacher for their children, and that they be fully assured that the education that they are receiving is of the right kind; that nothing wrong and all that is right and necessary is being taught them.

I wonder how many parents weigh this question with the conscientious deliberation that its gravity demands, as they send their boy or girl off to school or college. "What will become of my boy or girl?" anxiously questions the fond mother, as the pride and hope of the family goes forth to begin or to continue his or her schooling. Ordinarily the child will become what the parents choose to make it. There is more law and less chance in this matter than is popularly supposed. The child becomes what it is educated to become. And that education is worked out by the home, the church, the school, the companions, the reading and other influences that the child comes in contact with. No one becomes good or bad suddenly or by chance. There is a law for education as there is for everything else in life.

"What will become of my boy?" He will become what you want him to become, if your wish is commensurate with the gravity of the question. Blanche of Castile avowed that she would rather see her son dead at her feet than see him commit a mortal sin. Her son became what she wished him to become—a saint. Is there any Christian mother who would not prefer to see her son dead at her feet than find him guilty of mortal sin? No. For such a one would not be a Christian mother but a conscienceless monster.

If you want your boy or girl to grow up a Christian man or woman give him or her a Christian education in the home, in

the church and in the school, and you will have your wish fulfilled. As the pattern of character is woven, so shall the finished product be. And if you do not give your child a Christian education in the home, church and school, you cannot expect him or her to be a strong Christian character when he or she reaches the estate of manhood or womanhood. "You cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles."

I know it will be objected that bad children often come from home and school where they have received a religious education. No; not often. It may happen sometimes, but even then it is not the result of chance. It is the result of some other influence that has nullified the work of the home and the school. There is no effect without a cause. But if parents have an intelligent and conscientious appreciation of their duties in the education of their children, their supervision will extend to the other influences that enter into the education of the child, such as the school, companions the literature, etc., of the child, and this is within the power of the parents as it is part of their duty. But if unforeseen influences have their deleterious effects after the parents have taken every precaution to insure the Christian education of their children, what think ye, would be the effect if these precautions had not been taken?

Again, I know it may be objected that godfearing men and women have come from godless schools and godless homes. Granted. For there are miracles of God's grace ever in the world; and there may be exceptions where some strong and extraordinary corrective has made up for what was lacking in the home or in the school. But the exception only serves to emphasize the rule. The law of cause and effect, and not chance, governs education. As the child is educated so shall the man be. Crowd God out of the education of the child and God will not be in the life of the man.

Home, church and school are the three great elements of education, and the three should work together. The home is not all, the church is not all, the school is not all, but they are the controlling factors, and they should be so correlated that they work not one against the other, and thus nullify the effects, one of the other; but all coöperate unto good; and when they so coöperate, they will produce not angels, indeed, but a generation of Christian men and women, godfearing, of strong faith and pure morals, for "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit."

"Neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit," and the education whence God and religion and moral training is banished cannot but bear evil fruit. The evils of our times are not spasmodic and the result of chance; they are the effect of a cause already in operation, godless education. Immorality and criminality are so rife in the land that for the past year these unclean things seemed to be the one subject for discussion in the press,

and on the platform and on the stage. And so many schools in the land have been stained with scandals that a demand has arisen in some quarters for special teaching against immorality among school children. Whence these widespread evils? From the education that the rising generation is receiving. The generation is growing up lawless and godless because it is so being educated. It is not the result of chance; it is the effect of a cause. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Can men expect a godly education from a godless school?

"What will my boy or girl become?" What you educate him or her to become. If you give that boy or girl a Christian education in home, church and school, fear not; he or she will be what he or she is educated to be. Godfearing parents will avail themselves of every opportunity and advantage to procure for their children the proper religious training and moral education that they will need, especially amid the widespread evils of our times. And if there be any parents who are heedless of the religious and moral training of their children, well of such St. Paul says: "If any man have not care of his own, and especially those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel;" and our Lord pronounced a woe upon those who placed a scandal in the way of his little ones.

TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

Pure heart of our sweet Mother,
To thee be thanks and praise,
For all tender mercies
That crown our exile days;

For all the ceaseless blessings
That Jesus' Heart, through thine,
O Fount of Joy unfailing,
Outpours in love divine.'

Blest Spring, whose crystal waters
Well from God's Heart of Love,
Be here our strength and sweetness,
Our bliss in heaven above.

Catholic Church in Portland

DID YOU KNOW,

That in 1822, the diocese of Boston included the whole of New England?

That it was afterwards divided into six ecclesiastical subdivisions or dioceses?

That in 1822, the few Catholics residing in Portland petitioned the Rt. Rev. John Cheverus, bishop of Boston, to supply their religious wants?

That the bishop at once came to Portland and before his departure organized them into a congregation and said mass each day?

That from 1822 to 1827 the Catholics of Portland were regularly visited by the Rev. Dennis Ryan?

That the first resident clergyman was the Rev. Charles D. Ffrench, of the Dominican Order of Monks?

That Bishop Fenwick was the successor of Bishop Cheverus?

That the new bishop arrived in Portland in September, 1827?

That down until the arrival of Father Ffrench the services were held in the house of one of the members of the church?

That when Father Ffrench became pastor he secured a large room on an upper floor of a building on what was then known as Hay Market Row?

That this was afterwards called Market Square and now called Monument Square?

That during this time, Father Ffrench attended missions in the State of New Hampshire also?

That during his absence, devotional exercises were conducted by a Mr. John Crease?

That Mr. Crease was ably assisted by a Mr. Young.

That Mr. Young was a convert and afterwards studied for the ministry and in due course of time was ordained priest?

That Mr. Young was later elevated and consecrated bishop of the important see of Erie, Pa.?

That Mr. Crease was at this time the foreman in the publication office of the Messrs. Edwards, who conducted the Daily, Weekly and Tri-Weekly Advertiser in Portland?

That in 1828, a subscription list was circulated for the purpose of erecting a suitable place of worship?

That the subscription list was sent to Boston to awaken the interest of friends there?

That they were rewarded with success and a year later a site was selected in a location at the lower part of State street?

That this land at that time was owned by John Fox, Esq., father of the Hon. Edward Fox, at one time United States Judge for the District of Maine?

That Mr. Fox conveyed the lot to Father Ffrench in March, 1830?

That Mr. Fox also graced the deed with a generous subscription towards building the church?

That work was at once commenced upon the structure and was so well advanced that it was occupied about the 1st of November for divine worship?

That the congregation at this time numbered about 200?

That it was not until the month of August, 1833, that they witnessed the dedication of their church?

That this was by Bishop Fenwick, assisted by Revs. Fathers Ffrench, McNamee, and Wiley of Salem, Mass.?

That at that time the parishioners numbered about 300?

That Father Ffrench took leave of his congregation to take a trip to Ireland in 1839?

That he was succeeded by the Rev. Patrick Flood, who in 1841, transferred his charge to the Rev. Patrick O'Beirne?

That the latter was succeeded three years later by the assignment of the Rev. James Power?

That in 1841, the Rev. James Maguire was appointed pastor in the succession at St. Dominics?

That the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick died in the year of 1846 in the month of August?

That he was sixty-five years of age?

That he was succeeded by the Rt. Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, D. D., of Boston?

That at the time of Father Maguire's charge at St. Dominics the congregation numbered nearly 1000?

That in 1848 the seating capacity of the church was entirely inadequate to the growth of Father Maguire's congregation, and relief was sought in the erection of an addition, constructed on to the rear of the church?

That the enlargement sufficient for only a short time?

That Father Maguire died in January, 1850?

That the body was removed to Boston for interment, there being at that time no consecrated burying-ground in Portland?

That the Rev. John O'Donnell was next assigned to take charge of the church?

That he entered upon his trust in the month of March, 1850?

That in the two years from 1848 to 1850 the congregation was enlarged by more than five hundred?

That so great was the congregation at this time and so small the seating capacity that two public services were held, and even this did not entirely remedy affairs?

That later a large wooden addition was erected in the rear?

That the basement of this addition was converted into a vestry room, while the upper part was thrown into one large room connecting at the rear of the altar with the church?

That the floor of this part was elevated to about forty feet above the dais?

That it was in this room also that the Sunday School classes were brought together?

That when the Young Catholic Friends Society was established it started with a library of over seven hundred volumes?

That in 1853, Pope Pius IX, promulgated a bill erecting the City of Portland into a see?

That the limits of the new diocese embraced the states of Maine and New Hampshire?

That at that time the Very Rev. Father M. Caskery received the appointment of Bishop of Portland?

That this was declined by him on account of his ill health?

That it was almost two years before a second appointment was made?

That at the Feast of the Annunciation, 1855, Father Bacon, pastor of St. Josephs Church at Brooklyn, was designated, and on the 22d day of April of the same year, was consecrated bishop in St. Patrick's Cathedral at New York City?

That at the close of the following month the new bishop arrived in Portland and was welcomed at the depot by Rev. O'Donnell?

That the installation of the new bishop took place at St. Dominics on the 31st of May, 1855.

That at the time of the installation there were only six priests and eight churches scattered over Maine and New Hampshire?

That Bishop Bacon ordained his first priest in August, 1855?

That the priest to be ordained was Rev. Thomas Kenney?

That the lot of land fronting on Cumberland avenue and bounded between Franklin and Locust streets was secured of William Senter?

That this purchase was made in the year of 1856?

That before the end of that year a brick chapel with a seating capacity of 600 was completed at the rear of these grounds?

That in the Autumn of 1856, the bishop purchased the land known as Calvary Cemetery?

That in the year of 1859, St. Dominics Church was entirely remodelled?

That the front of this church is after the mediaeval Gothic style of architecture?

That in 1860 ground was first broken for the erection of the Cathedral, but no more than this was accomplished until five years later on account of the Civil War?

That the Covell estate fronting on Congress street was purchased by the bishop in 1863?

That the Academy for young ladies was opened in 1864?

That at the same time a day school for girls was opened three blocks northeast of the bishops's residence?

That the second story of this schoolhouse was converted into a chapel, where mass was celebrated each Sunday, to relieve the overcrowded condition of the Cathedral Chapel?

That the schoolhouse near St. Dominics was erected in the year of 1865?

That the schoolhouse was ready for occupancy about the 1st of December of that same year?

That in the Spring of 1866, work upon the Cathedral was resumed?

That the walls of this structure were carried to the uniform height of fifteen feet, when the entire property including the chapel, school and other buildings were destroyed by the Great Fire?

That the loss to the Catholics of Portland was severe?

That for a time the school near St. Dominics was used by the bishop for a residence?

That at this time worship had to be held in a shed on the Grand Trunk Company's wharf?

That the school on Free street was purchased and possession taken by the nuns in January, 1867?

That in 1872, the work was recommenced upon the Cathedral?

That the Cathedral was dedicated on the 8th of September, 1869?

That eight bishops and about seventy-five priests officiated in the ceremonies, in which nearly four hours were consumed?

That at two o'clock in the afternoon, the sacred edifice was solemnly dedicated as the Cathedral of the "Immaculate Conception?"

That Bishop Bacon died at the age of sixty-one?

That the Rev. James A. Healy was consecrated bishop in the Cathedral on the 2d of June, 1875?

That Bishop Healy was born in Georgia in 1830.

That the Kavanagh School was erected in 1876-77?

That in 1880 the Catholic population of Portland was estimated at 10,000, with a cathedral and two church, an orphan asylum, two schoolhouses and a female academy, besides the residence connected with St. Dominics?

That in that year there were thirty-three "Sisters of Mercy" employed in teaching the day schools?

That the average attendance in 1880 at these two schools was 1000?

Hal Cram in Sunday Telegram.

Sillery

In the history of the early days of the Church in Maine, we find frequent reference made to the little settlement of Sillery, the ancient home of the first Jesuit missionaries who came from France to preach the Gospel to the savage tribes of the western world.

Here the heroic French missionaries received their first lessons in the various Indian tongues; here they first came in contact with the rude children of the forest gathered by the Fathers' industry about the mission center; here the weary missionaries came for rest and repose after long periods spent among the Savages in their native haunts; here many an aged missionary after the powers of nature had become exhausted, came to end his remaining days in prayer and meditation.

Such was the Sillery in those days when Druillettes, the Bigot Brothers, Rasle and others came to give their very best efforts in behalf of the Indians of our State.

Situated about four miles above Quebec, the Sillery of today is of small importance in comparison with the great city which has grown up about the barren rock on which Champlain reared the Fleur de Lis in 1608.

As the last resting place of Father Ennemond Massé, of St. Sauveur memory, it should not be devoid of interest to the children of the Church in Maine.

It was our good fortune to witness at Quebec, a few weeks ago the home coming of the 2nd Canadian Cardinal, His Eminence Cardinal Begin. Practically the entire week of June 21st was given up to the various exercises, both religious, civic and social in which all the Canadian people irrespective of race or creed seemed to unite in bidding his Eminence welcome home.

From the midst of earthly grandeur, we retired however for a quiet afternoon at Sillery, to dwell for a few hours among the memories of the past, as well as to visit Father Massé's grave.

So many years have passed by since that May morning in 1646 when Father Massé bade adieu to earth, it is not surprising that a stranger in old Quebec should experience a little difficulty in finding this honored spot. Taking the tramway from the upper city, one passes by the historic Citadel, the famed planes of Abraham to soon arrive at Sillery the end of the line. We are now about a mile distant from the site of the old Sillery chapel, but there are Caleches near by, and for a nominal sum one may be soon landed on the historic soil.

We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of one Wm. O'Brien, a Catholic inhabitant of the present Sillery, who as a boy of about 15 years was present when Fr. Massé's remains were uncovered, early in 1869. At that time all vestiges of the historic church had long since disappeared. The sacred spot where the early colonists were wont to gather for Divine worship had for years been given over to mercantile purposes The ground beneath which lay the mortal remains of one of Maine's first Christian teachers, had become the site of a coopering establishment about which one saw little else save piles of barrel staves, etc. When the authorities came from Quebec to seek Massé's remains they had to remove the barrel staves and other rubbish from the ground before beginning their investigations. They seemed however to have the exact location well established hence were obliged to dig only a short time before the remains were uncovered, and reverently lifted from the place where they had remained unmarked and unhonored for more than two hundred years. But what to do with them? Ought they not to be again reinterred and allowed to there await the resurrection morn? The good people of Sillery solved the question by proposing to erect a monument on the very spot so long hallowed by their presence. They were therefore kept under guard until about a year later when the present monument was erected and the honored bones of the heroic missionary placed beneath its base. This monument is set on a brick foundation within a little chain enclosure a few steps back from the old Sillery road, and not many rods distant from the river bank by which the majestic St. Lawrence silently rolls on its way to the ocean. In the decline of life, how many days may not Massé have sat and watched its departing waters, so like the years of his life as they passed by towards the eternal shores.

For our frontispiece we are indebted to Mrs. Terence Early, a daughter of the Emerald Isle, who like William O'Brien has lived at Sillery close by Father Massé's monument for nearly sixty years. She was also an eye witness to the scenes accompanying the exercises connected with the removal and inhumation of Massé's remains. Asking her if she had any souvenirs of these events, she kindly gave us the picture of the monument and a small pamphlet published on the occasion, both of which she had carefully treasured since the memorable day, June 12th, 1870, when the monument was solemnly dedicated to the memory of Canada's as well as one of Maine's first missionaries.

We believe that the detailed account of these exercises will prove of interest to our readers, recording as they do events so intimately connected with the Catholic history of our State.

The small pamphlet in question gives a complete account of the dedicatory services which took place on the afternoon of June 12, 1870.

MONUMENT ERECTED

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE R. FATHER ENNEMOND MASSE, S. J.

CANADA'S FIRST MISSIONARY.

Yesterday at four o'clock in the afternoon was a great festival at Sillery. An immense gathering of people thronged around the foot of the monument which the inhabitants of Sillery, with a spirit of generosity that does them honor, have erected in memory of Canada's first missionary,—The Reverend Father Massé, S. J.

This imposing ceremony, the religious consecration of the monument, was replete with the deepest interest for the spectators, recalling, as it did, the countless remembrances connected with the early days of the settlement. Impressed with the feeling that one stood in presence of the earthly remains of Canada's first apostle, it was impossible to prevent one's thoughts straying back to the heroic times of this missionary and his companions, who on the soil of *La Nouvelle France,* set the model of every christian virtue.

The feelings and emotions of all present found a happy interpreter in the very Reverend Vicar General Cazeau, whose remarkable address we publish below.

M. Dobell also addressed the meeting in eloquent terms and with a spirit of liberality beyond all praise.

Hon. M. Chauveau next spoke. He congratulated the inhabitants of Sillery upon their thus doing honor to the first missionary. He especially referred to the prevailing harmony between those of different religions in this Province. It was but last week, many Catholics were present at the consecration of the colors of the 69th Regiment by Protestant clergymen, and now Protestants were uniting with Catholics in handing down to posterity the memory of a reverend Catholic missionary. He concluded by stating, that such harmony was all the more necessary in the present day.

The speakers all paid a high tribute to the researches of the Revd. Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, through whose labors the resting place of the Revd. Père Massé was discovered, and with whom originated the idea of erecting this monument.

The monument is plain but elegant, and altogether about twenty feet high. It is of cut-stone, with four marble tablets, surmounted by a marble cross. One of the tablets bears the following inscription:

The Inhabitants of Sillery
Erected this Monument
In Memory of
Father Ennemond Masse, S. J.,
First Missionary in Canada,
Buried in 1646,
In the Church of Saint Michael,
On the Residence of
Saint Joseph of Sillery.

On another tablet was inscribed:

The Church of St. Michael,
Which formerly stood on this Spot,
Was built by
Commander de Sillery,
The Founder (in 1637) of the
St. Joseph Residence.

The ground upon which the monument stands was given by Mr. Lemesurier, and Mr. Dobell, who resides upon the property, has nobly assisted Messrs. Laverdière and Casgrain in carrying out the project.

The following is Mr. Casgrain's address:

Gentlemen.—The purpose of the ceremony for which we are now met, is that of fulfilling a duty of gratitude, which religion and patriotism alike dictate to us. Both should unite, with but one voice, to do honor to those courageous and devoted men who, at the cost of many toils and fatigues, came into the country, at its beginning, to make known to it the true God and to establish in it true civilization. Both likewise call upon us to pay a just tribute of admiration to the benevolent persons who, by their gifts and pecuniary sacrifices, have joined in this noble undertaking.

We had already been reminded of this duty, nearly fifteen years ago, by the late M. Abbé Ferland, one of the men of whom Canada has most reason to feel proud. On the 27th, October 1855, he published in the *Journal de Québec*, an article intended to complete a work, entitled *Notes sur Sillery*, composed by a man, a friend of his country, whose name we regret we cannot give. After describing the places on which formerly stood the church of Sillery, the residence of the missionaries, the monastery of the Nuns and their hospital, M. Ferland ended his article with the following words: "The memory of the first missionaries and of the good nuns who sanctified this spot by their charity and their zeal for the salvation of souls, is religiously preserved amongst the present population, which is nearly all Catholic. Let us hope that they may soon be able to erect some testimonial of their faith on the ground where the beneficence of M. de Sillery caused to be built one of the first chapels of New France."

I am very glad to be able to cite, before the honest parishioners of Sillery, these words of a priest who was well known to most of them, and who has left amongst them such a blessed memory; for indeed from 1850 to 1855 M. Ferland was fond of coming to exercise the ministry of souls for them in the modest chapel which is now replaced by the magnificent church of Saint Colomb; he deemed it a pleasure to share in this manner the solicitude of his worthy friend and colleague Mr. Harkin, the respectable pastor of this parish.

It was to realize the wish of M. Fernald that two priests, admirers of his, but who especially had inherited his zeal for clearing up the obscure portions of our history, undertook to verify the exact position of the places in Sillery which had been sanctified in former times by the presence of the heroic men and women, in the service of religion, who had been brought there by "their charity and their zeal for the salvation of souls." In making their researches they had specially at heart to prepare the ways for the erection of a monument to perpetuate those pious remembrances. In this, Messrs. Laverdière and Casgrain (they must pardon me for mentioning their names) were assisted with praiseworthy readiness by honorable citizens of Sillery who comprehended, as they did, all the greatness and patriotism of the undertaking.

Let me here mention the name of M. Lemesurier, the proprietor of the ground on which the old church of Sillery stood, who placed at the disposal of these gentlement all the land required for this monument of gratitude. M. Lemesurier has been for many years one of the men who contributed most to the prosperity of Sillery and although he has been for a considerable time, retired from business, his name is not the less loved and respected by all the inhabitants of the parish. I must also mention M. Dobell and his partner, M. Beckett, the worthy successors of M. Lemesurier, who not only did all in their power to assist Messrs. Laverdière and Casgrain in their researches, but have contributed with generous liberality to the execution of their project. Nor must I forget the names of Messrs. Langlois and Vezina, who also showed great zeal in this good work. I might name many others; but I could not finish if I were to mention all those who, within the parish and outside of it, readily contributed by their gifts and acts of liberality.

The monument which is now about to be consecrated is intended to call to mind three cherished recollections: 1. that of the first church of Sillery; that of the "Commandeur de Sillery," founder of the mission; 3, that of the Rev. Father Massé, the first Jesuit missionary in Canada, whose earthly remains rest on the ground where we are now assembled.

1. The old Church of Sillery, the first perhaps that was built in Canada, after that of Notre-Dame de Recouvrance, was com-

menced shortly after the commencement of the Residence of Sillery and was finished in 1647. The mission had been founded with the view of attracting indians there and laboring to convert them. The building of a house of prayer was therefore commenced, where they might meet to hear the divine word which was to enlighten them. Another object was to offer the French colonists a place of reunion, where they might seek consolation in their exile, anl courage to meet the numerous trials they had to encounter in their new country. At the present day, as it was at that distant period of our history, the house of God is still the most powerful means of encouraging colonization, for indeed the Canadian settlers of our own days, imbued from infancy with the idea, so full of truth, that their hopes should tend higher than this world of pilgrimage, never apply themselves with energy to the arduous work of clearing lands, until they have near them the temple of prayer, where religion teaches them to render themselves worthy of heavenly rest.

Attached to the church of Sillery was the residence of the Rev. Fathers of the Company of Jesuits who officiated in it. It was after praying in this venerated sanctuary that these worthy successors of the apostles used to disperse themselves among the savage nations, over the vast extent of New France, to bear to them the light of faith and to bring them out of barbarism. This was also the point of departure of the Lalemants, the Jogues, the Brebœufs and all those noble martyrs who shed their blood over the land they had come to purify. Therefore are their names honored among us as highly as those of the martyrs of the primitive church, for they remind us of all the prodigies of heroism, self denial and charity achieved by these new martyrs, in order to gain over souls to Jesus Christ.

To the same church of Sillery was also attached a hospital attended by nuns of the Hotel Dieu, called Hospitallers of the Precious Blood. There likewise it was that those worthy spouses of Jesus Christ, bereft of all human consolation, went to seek the courage they needed in order to lavish their assistance, at the risk of their lives, on the multitude of poor indians who were attacked by contagious diseases which almost always led to inevitable death.

2. This monument is also intended to recall the memory of the illustrious man who has given his name to the mission of Sillery.—Noel Brulart de Sillery, was born at Paris, on the 25th of December 1677, of noble and virtuous parents, from whom he inherited a great name and a considerable fortune. I will not undertake to give you lengthly details of his life; let it suffice for me to say that, after having held all the offices which could satisfy human ambition, he became finally convinced of the vanity and nothingness of that glory to which he had been perhaps too much attached. In the midst of all the pomp he

displayed as the ambassador of his sovereign at Madrid and at Rome, he used, nevertheless, to spend a considerable portion of his wealth in deeds of charity. But he felt that God required more from him, and that heought thenceforward to employ his great riches solely to the acquiring of treasurers of merit for heaven. It was in obedience to the will of God, in this respect, that he completely renounced the world, and even entered holy orders, though he was fifty years of age, in order to render in a manner insurmountable the barrier by which he separated himself from everything worldly.

As the state of the colony of Canada and the conversion of the Indians tilling its forests, had at this epoch awakened a profound interest in France, persons interested in its welfare found it an easy task to induce Mr. de Sillery to engage in this religious work. To set its prosperity on a surer footing he wished to found, in the vicinity of Quebec, a settlement to contain a church, a residence for the missionaries, an hospital for the sick, dwellings for the new converts, and even a fort to protect the village against the fierce Iroquois, whose deadly inroads a terrible experience had taught them to dread. He took upon himself the cost of carrying out this project, destined to be of such importance for the welfare of the rising colony. Such, then, was the origin of the mission at Sillery, which in a short time became a small christian community wherein flourished the fervent piety of the earliest ages of the church.

Mr. de Sillery did not return to Canada, being detained in France by numerous other works requiring his presence there. He became in a measure, the fellow laborers of Saint Vincent de Paul, that priest after God's own heart, to whom no work of charity was unknown, and who afterwards had the sad pleasure of pronouncing the funeral oration of the worthy priest who had so ably seconded his cherished views. But if it was not given to Mr. Sillery to return to *La Nouvelle France,* where the yearnings of his heart to do good doubtless impelled him, his name will never fail to be cherished there in profound venerations as one of its most illustrious benefactors.

3. It remains for me now to speak a few words of the Reverend Father Massé, to whose memory our monument is erected. Born at Lyons in 1574, he entered the Society of Jesus at an early age. Scarcely had he received holy orders when he was associated with Father Coton, who was then confessor and preacher to King Henry the Great. Judging from human motives the Court might seem a theatre well worthy his admiration, but his views were higher and more noble. Filled with self denial, and thirsting only for the glory of the master whose livery the wild forests of Canada, where he longed to carry the glad tidings of salvation to poor savages buried in the depths of barbarism and having, so to speak, only the name of men.

On his first arrival in Acadia with Father Biard in 1611, he had to put up with much suffering from those very persons to whom he should have looked for protection. Being taken prisoner, along with his companion, by pirates, his patience and charity filled them with admiration, and he was released upon their vessel reaching Europe. We learn from the *Relations des Jésuites* that this worthy religious, on returning to France, sighed only for the trials and crosses of the New World, and obtaining leave to return there, reached Quebec on the 19th of June 1625. The capture of this city by the English for years later compelled him to renounce, at least for the time being, the trials he had so eagerly longed to embrace, and he returned to France to await the moment when divine providence would allow him to follow his vocation anew. He had vowed to use all his efforts to resume the crosses and sufferings which he had been obliged to abandon. His prayer was heard. Upon the close of the treaty between England and France, he was allowed to return in 1633 to his beloved Canada, where he passed the last thirteen years of his life, working zealously in teaching the Algonquins and Montagnais, who came to gather from his lips the words of life.

This venerable priest who died on the 12th of May 1646, at the age of seventy-two years, is the only one buried in Sillery church, for at those times his companion being called to distant parts to fulfill the duties of their apostleship had seldom the consolation of yielding their last sigh in the house from which they had set forth. The remains of this holy missionary were fortunately discovered last autumn. You, gentlemen, have witnessed the respect paid them by the people of Sillery without distinction of creed. All have instinctively given way to their feelings of admiration for those chosen souls who shrink from no sacrifice that duty may require.

And now, gentlemen, religion is about to impress its character of stability on the monument I am going to bless in its name, that it may hand down the precious memories I have endeavoured, though imperfectly, to recall to you. I must at the same time invoke the blessing of Heaven on all those who have taken part in its erection. The duty they have fulfilled is one pleasing in the eyes of God who allows no work of virtue to go unrewarded. This monument will suffer from the effects of time, perhaps will it even crumble beneath its cruel ravages; but the future inhabitants of Sillery, inheriting the noble sentiments of their forefathers will hold it a sacred trust left upon them to repair or renew it if need be, that it may keep alive the remembrance of the privileged favors conferred on their parish in the early days of its settlement, and the memory of the heroic and devoted benefactors to whom they owe them.

B. R. Dobell, Esq., also addressed the assemblage. He said:

My Friends,—It is with no little diffidence that I stand up this afternoon to speak before such a large concourse of people as I see gathered around me. I feel this more, because I am not accustomed to it, and because I know well that there are many amongst you whose learning and experience fit them much better for the office, but still more especially, because I have just heard the complete and eloquent oration which you have listened to from his reverence the Vicar-General. However, when my reverend friend the Abbé Casgrain told me that it was the wish of some of you that I should say a few words on this occasion, I gave my ready acquiescence, feeling sure of your kind consideration, and wishing also very much to express to you the pleasure it has given both Mr. Becket and myself, to have the opportunity of coöperating with you all in the work, the result of which we are to inaugurate this day. The lives this monument is erected to perpetuate the memory of, deserve the loftiest strains of praise.

They form no ordinary type of the valiant christian soldier, and embody much of that pure spirit of Christianity which should animate us all.

To appreciate fully the sacrifices which these men made, and the self denial they imposed upon themselves, we should take a glimpse of the glittering prospects of life they abandoned, and contrast them with the thorny and humble path they chose instead. One of the names engraved on the tablet of this monument is in memory of a career full of interest. France, at the period he entered life, was occupying the centre of chivalric glory. A few years previously had seen, upon her soil, four of the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, met together to celebrate "the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Amongst all the young nobles who assembled at the Court, none had more brilliant prospects than the young Noël Brilliart de Sillery. We read that he was born in the year 1577, on Christmas Day, whence he took the name of Noël, and of distinguished parentage, his father being descended from an ancient Savoy family. He was at an early age marked out for a Chevalier de Malte, and when 18 years old, was sent to Malte to complete his education. There he soon won the confidence of the Grand Master, who, it is said, noted him as possessing no ordinary talents, and he made him his page. He returned to Paris after an absence of twelve years, was admitted at Court, soon rose into favor, and was honored by Mary de Medici with the title of Chevalier. Afterwards serving as ambassador to the courts of Spain and Rome, successively, he seemed to have risen to the highest point of worldly success. Everything that could fire the ambition of a young soldier, was now before him. Renown in arms, the popularity of a successful diplomatist and the favor of the first court in Europe.

It was now while apparently in the full tide of prosperity, and while resident as ambassador at Rome, that he decided to

throw aside all these honors which he only regarded as idle toys, and which failed to satisfy his eager mind, and we read that he abandoned all and devoted himself completely to the service of God. He entered the profession of the church, his zeal prompting him to give all his vast revenues to the interests of his religion, and particularly, to aid foreign missions, and we learn that amongst other bequests, he provided ample funds for the formation of a settlement of Christian Indians. And it was on the ground we now stand and the spot where we have erected this monument, that the first fruits of his noble offering were bestowed.

We feel that this record of the man who founded this place which is honored by his name, should inspire us all with some portion of his self denying zeal, and we may all learn something from his example. It is therefore, no little pleasure to have to congratulate you upon completing the work and recording his name upon it—He died at Paris, 26 Sept. 1640.

I must now refer briefly to his contemporary, the Rev. Father Ennemond Massé and I hesitate to cull out of a biography which records a life of such long continued self-sacrifice any single incident for this sketch—he seemed to have borne with cheerfulness all the hardships of life. He was wrecked, imprisoned, seized by pirates, subsisted for two months on roots and acorns, and above all, was one of the first Christian missionaries, to come out to preach the Gospel of Peace to the Indians. It was here he taught and lived and died. No great glory to was he won, and his hearers were a few scattered Indians of the Huron tribe. It was here the first church in Canada was built and it was here that Father Ennemond Massé spoke of a Savour for the Indians—The flag he raised we may all rally around, and if we adhere to it, I believe, we shall all meet again. On it was inscribed these words: *Ad majorem Dei Gloriam.* "For the greater glory of God"—His fellow missionaries who worked with him, record that they were determined mined to await or dare any thing to suffer or die. He died on the 12th May 1646 and was buried in the little church of St. Joseph Sillery—On the ruins of this church we now erect a monument, and before closing, I would tender our warmest thanks for the great assistance we have received from our friends, Mons. the Abbé Laverdière and the Abbé Casgrain. They first made the discovery, and without them, we should have fallen behind in our work. To you also, men of Sillery, I would again offer congratulations.

It is nearly twelve months since, that we met to discuss what should be done with the mortal remains found here, and you then came forward, and took the responsibility of building this monument. We have to thank many outside friends for much assistance; but to you belongs the credit of the erection of this beautiful monument.

The Catholic Church in Maine

Father Druillettes' Last Year on the Kennebec.

It was probably during the closing days of July 1651, that our zealous missionary reached the habitations of his devoted children at Nanrantsouak. The love and esteem in which he was held is amply attested by the kindly welcome every where extended to him as he journyed about, administering to the needs of the different settlements up and down the river. Especially cordial was his reception among the cabins of old Nanrantsouak. Here the aged chief, Oumamanradock ordered a salute in his honor, and in the few well chosen words preserved in the Jesuit annals, said: "I see now that the Great Spirit who rules in heaven has looked upon us with a kind eye since he has sent our Patriarch again."

The treatment accorded the Father by the Indian attendants on his toilsome return was duly investigated, and a well merited rebuke administered to the Etechemin brave who had so unjustly abused the humble Jesuit. "If you were one of my subjects or of my nation," said the Indian chief, "I would make you feel the grief which you have caused the whole country. "Filled with confusion, the penitent Etechemin exclaimed "I am a dog to have treated the Black-gown so badly."

The welcome accorded the missionary on his return seems to have been universal. In the Jesuit relations for this year, we read "there was no man, woman or child who did not express to the Father the joy that was felt at his return; there were feasts in all the cabins; he was taken possession of and carried away with love." Not satisfied with the ordinary evidences of their affection for him, the Indians appear from this moment to have affiliated Father Druillettes as a member of their tribe thus constituting themselves his natural protectors.

Shortly afterwards chancing to be in the vicinity of the English settlements, the accusation was made that the Father was speaking against the English, thus engendering hostile feeling against him. His cause was at once taken up by the Indian chiefs who addressed the English authorities in the following recorded language. "We understand our language better than thy servant does. We were near the Patriarch when he was speaking; we listened attentively, and all his words came directly to our ears. Be assured he has never said any ill of you people. He teaches us that he who made all things hates and condemns and punishes lying; and as we wish to receive his law, and

render him obedience, take these thoughts to thy heart,—those people yonder do not lie. And furthermore, it is well for you to know that the Father is now one of our nation; that we have adopted him for our fellow-countryman; that we pay him consideration and love as the wisest of our Captains, and respect him as the Ambassador of Jesus, to whom we wish to give ourselves entirely; and consequently, whoever attacks him, attacks all the Abnaquiois."

The address of the Indian chief had the desired effect. The English settlers at once saw the position which the missionary had through his devotedness attained among the Indians of the Kennebec, and should they at any time have been unjustly suspicious of his motives, they became from this moment unstinted in their hospitality towards him, giving him every mark of honor and respect as he passed from village to village during the remainder of his stay on the Kennebec.

His now undoubted standing among the Indians of the Kennebec valley, as well as his former friendly associations with the early English settlers would seem to justify the assumption, that these summer days of 1652 saw the good father journeying to and fro not only among the Indian habitations nestling close along the river banks whence the dusky children of the forest gliding out and in gave to the primitive surroundings a tinge of romance that has long since disappeared, but even among the feeble and scattered European settlements from Cushnoc down to ancient Pemaquid, was the humble father a welcome visitor.

Beyond Pemaquid, he perhaps extended his visit to the French trading post at Castine or Pentegoet where he might have held friendly intercourse with the good Capuchins, Leo of Paris, Cosmas de Mante, Bernadine de Crespy, and have offered the holy sacrifice in their chapel recently erected "in honor of Our Lady of Holy Hope."

Father Druillettes' Second New England Mission.

His rounds of visits, completed, there yet remained for Father Druillettes the undertaking of his 2nd mission to the New England colonies. The authorities at Quebec still had hopes of forming an alliance with the English settlements against their persistent enemies the savage Iroquois who had of late been carrying their depredations almost within sight of the walls of Quebec.

It was probably during the closing days of August 1651 that Father Druillettes again turned his footsteps towards Boston where he doubtless renewed all the happy relations of his former visit. In company with Jean Godfroy, and the Christian Indian Sillery chief, Noel Nagabamat, they again knocked at the doors of the Puritan authorities, going even as far as New Haven

where they laid their proposals before the New England Commissioners, September 6th, 1651. Speaking of this important visit made perhaps in response to an invitation from New England itself, Palfrey in his history of New England, Vol. 1, p. 364, says: "Two messengers, Gabriel Druillettes, a priest, and John Godfroy, a member of the council of New France, proceeded to New Haven to obtain the sanction of the Federal Commissioners, to whom at Boston, the business had been referred. The envoys urged the New England colonies to 'join in the war' in order to protect the Christian converts among the Abenaquis, and to prevent that interruption of trade with them which would be hurtful to French and English alike. If the colonies would not consent to the war, then the envoys desired permission to enlist men and obtain provisions within their territory, or at least to march forces through it as the occasion might require.

The Commissioners declined all these proposals. They were not satisfied, they said of the justness of the war; and, as to a treaty of commerce, to which they might have been disposed, they must await 'a fitter season' for it, as the envoys had no authority to make it except in connection with an alliance."

Discussing the same embassy, Shea in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol. 1, p. 242, writes: "Thither the missionary and his associate proceeded, and in September, 1651 the Catholic priest pleaded in vain for a brotherhood of nations, and for a combined action against a destroying heathen power." The same author then goes on to remark: "The visit of a priest to New England, whose Christian civilization, three years before, had embodied its claims to the respect of posterity in a law expelling every Jesuit and dooming him to the gallows if he returned, is, in itself, a most curious episode." This visit like his first, as far as arranging a united front against the pitiless Iroquois, proved of no value. In fact we may say that it was doomed to failure before it was undertaken, for knowing as we do, the tendencies of the New England Commonwealths, and their well known hostility to all things Catholic, how could we expect them to enter an alliance whose only purpose in their estimation was the protection of a few hated Catholic Indians on the Kennebec together with a few of their countrymen and a handful of French settlers along inhospitable St. Lawrence.

If Pilgrim hospitality and politeness had led Father Druillettes to look for a different result on his return from his first visit to Boston and Plymouth, his 2nd mission served to dispel whatever illusions, however well grounded, he may have nursed for the formation of a confederacy which would throw its protecting arm around the devoted children of the Church along the St. Lawrence and Kennebec valleys.

Disappointed but not disheartened, the good Father returned to spend the winter among his ardent neophites on the Kennebec. The history of this his last winter among the Abenaquis formed no exception to those already spent among them. Hence from day to day, his duties took him from village to village, from hut to hut, in his ministration to the sick and the dying, in the great work of perfecting the new born Christian in the mysteries of our holy Faith. The same sufferings, the same privations sweetened no doubt by the consoling evidences of the progress of truth among the Savages served to shorten the long winter days, and bring about the dawning of an early spring.

With the melting of winter snows, Father Druillettes for some reason not altogether apparent, decided on an earlier return to Quebec. He may perhaps have misjudged the season, or have deemed the report of his last mission to the New England colonies of sufficient importance to justify taking chances on the trip across the trackless forests to the Canadian metropolis.

However this may be, notwithstanding the fatigues of a winter spent in the Indian camps, Father Druillettes set out early in March, 1652, on what proved to be his last journey from the Kennebec to the St. Lawrence. It was now too early to think of taking the well travelled canoe route up the Kennebec to the head waters of the Dead river thence to Lake Megantic and down the Chaudiere. There were then no highways or tote roads over which one might travel with some degree of comfort. A marked tree perchance here and there served as their only guide through the some two hundred miles of trackless virgin forests then lying between Narantsouak and Quebec The winter snows were then perhaps more abundant than at present when we might ordinarily expect to find several feet should we attempt the journey, at this season of the year.

With no beaten paths before them, with no great supply of provisions, but with hearts strong in the love of sacrifice, Father Druillettes bade adieu to the scenes he had learned to love so well, and set out with his companions on snow-shoes to traverse the untrodden snows of the forest wild.

We have seen the difficulties of his journey to the Kennebec in the summer of 1651, but the trials endured on this voyage were as nothing compared with the privations now in store for our weary pilgrims.

For over a month, they toiled on; their meager stores of food became exhausted. Accustomed to hardships of the forest life, wet and cold they might endure, but they were powerless when famine in all its ghastliness stood before them. One by one the Indians dropped by the wayside to die of hunger and cold. For six days, neither Father Druillettes nor the ever faithful Noel had a morsel of food. They were finally driven to boil their deer skin shoes, then the Father's moose-skin vest, and finally

their snow-shoe lacings,—little nourishment indeed for the half famished, well nigh exhausted Christian heroes, yet sufficient to keep the spark of life within them until Easter Monday, April 8th, 1652, when as the relations states "having no more courage or strength than zeal for the salvation of souls can give to skeletons" they at last reached the hospitable habitations of Quebec.

Thus came to a close the labors of the indefatigable Druillettes in behalf of the Indians of the Kennebec, labors laden with the promise of an abundant harvest, for nowhere in all America do we find an Indian tribe so ready to accept the teachings of our holy faith, or so tenacious of its consolations, as were the Indians of the Kennebec. Just why so fruitful a field was apparently abandoned, we are at a loss to say. It may have been perchance because of urgent demands for Father Druillettes elsewhere, with no one to replace him, or what is more probable because of the desire of the Jesuit Fathers and the Canadian authorities to gradually induce these faithful neophites to join the ever increasing colony of Christian Indians then being gathered within the sheltering walls of Sillery. The harvest was indeed great but as of old, the laborers were too few, and so many were the demands made on the Jesuit superior for the presence of such men as Druillettes on the mission, that he hardly knew which way to send his Christian heroes. We nevertheless cannot help regretting the fact that Father Druillettes was obliged to suspend the good work on the Kennebec, even though his remaining years of faithful service were spent in a more distant and more arduous field, for this was certainly the era of peace and good will, the golden age of happy relationship between the Indians of the Kennebec and their European neighbors, the age when the black-robed Jesuit was as welcome to the primitive huts of our ancestors as he was to meagre fare of the Savages. Each were as yet a novelty to the other. The early Pilgrim traders doubtless had grotesque ideas concerning the Catholic church, her priests and children in general, but most of all, the Jesuit seemed to typify all that they believed objectionable in the Church of the ages which their ancestors had so lately left. Father Druillettes stay among them was too brief to entirely disabuse them of their ill-grounded notions.

While his passing among the Indians had most beneficient effect which endured far beyond the limits of human judgments, the animosities aroused among the Savages and their English visitors in their struggle for mastery in their old time hunting grounds, soon served to destroy whatever happy souvenirs that remained among the English settlers of the good Jesuit's sojourn in their midst, to such an extent that their children were prepared to barbarously strike down the zealous Rasle who a few years later came to take up Druillettes' work in the mission fields on the Kennebec.

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,

PORTLAND, ME., July 15, 1914.

Rev. dear Father:—

The Annual Collection for the Holy Father will be announced at all the Masses on Sunday, July 26, and taken up by the priests on Sunday, August 2.

The Collection for the Holy See for 1913 was $4006.76.

You are respectfully urged to present the needs of the Holy See to the people and exhort them to be generous.

The International Eucharistic Congress will be held this year in the justly celebrated and holy city of Lourdes in France, July 23-26.

A special request has been made by the Holy Father and Directors of the Eucharistic Congress to have the entire world share in the devotion and blessings of this occasion.

The Congress will be at once a magnificent manifestation of faith in Almighty God, the adoration of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and in His Sacred Heart, and finally the beautiful devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In order to enter into the spirit of this religious festival you are requested to have the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament on the four days, Thursday to Sunday, and to give a special instruction on the meaning and spirit of the Eucharistic Congress on Friday evening, July 24.

This privilege is extended to all the Convents in the Diocese.

With all apostolic blessings, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ LOUIS S. WALSH, D. D.,

Bishop of Portland.

In Memoriam

The Sisters of Mercy, Portland, Maine, mourn the loss of two valued members of their community, Sister Mary Gonzaga Burke and Sister Mary De Pazzi Murphy.

Sister Gonzaga was the younger of the two and a native of Quebec. Professed as a Sister of Mercy in the former Mother House in Portland, Maine about thirteen years ago, she spent that time in the parish schools of Portland, Brunswick, and St. Mary's, Bangor.

When in Portland, Sister Gonzaga was appointed to visit the City Home and her work as a Sister of Mercy was characterized by a great love for the poor, and zeal in the instruction of little children preparing for the Holy Sacraments.

Sister Mary De Pazzi, a native of Dubuque, Iowa, spent the most of her life in the east. Professed in Manchester, N. H., as a Sister of Mercy about thirty-two years ago, she was sent to the Portland diocese as a missionary.

This apostolic nun labored most zealously with the orphans in Whitefield and later in Portland; in the Old Ladies' Home, Deering, Me.; in the parish schools of Portland and Oldtown; while at least eighteen years of her religious life were given to work among the Indians of Pleasant Point, Dana's Point, and Indian Island.

As organist and choir leader, she was most successful, and the services of God's House were beautiful by the virtue of her work. Love for the poor and the little ones of Christ was a striking quality in the character of this devoted religious.

Sister Gonzaga is mourned by her mother and six brothers.

Sister De Pazzi leaves a brother, Dr. Thomas Murphy, and a sister, Mrs. J. B. Mullen, both of Bangor.

Of these dear departed Sisters it may be said "their cradles were rocked far apart, their graves lie side by side." Love gave them strength to consecrate themselves to the service of the Master. Love called them to the reward of the faithful Spouse in the Heart of Jesus.

In the early death of the Rev. John W. F. Power at Rutland, Mass., late in the afternoon of July 31st, 1914, the diocese of Portland is again called on to mourn the loss of one of the younger members of its clergy. Following his ordination at

Portland, Maine, December 17, 1910, at the hand of his ordinary, the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Portland, Father Power was assigned to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception where he labored most assisiously in the duties of his sacred calling until some six weeks ago when his physical condition necessitated his taking a well merited rest, with the hope that a short period of repose at his parental home on Parker Hill, Roxbury, Mass., would again place him in condition to continue his faithful labors in the vineyard of the Lord.

After a short stay with his parents, acting on the advice of his physician he went to Rutland, Mass., where he contracted a severe cold which quickly developing into pneumonia, in his weakened condition, soon hastened his departure from this life, in the 31st year of his age and the 4th of his priesthood.

His last obsequies largely attended by hundreds of his boyhood friends, as well as by many of his brother clergymen from the Boston and Portland diocese were held in the parish church of his childhood at Roxbury, Tuesday morning, August 4th, 1914, were fitly recorded by the Boston Globe as follows:

Before the altar in the Mission Church, Roxbury, where less than four years ago he said his first high mass as a priest, the body of Rev. Rr. John W. F. Power of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland, Me., rested this forenoon, while priests and people paid the last solemn tribute of love and respect.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. McDonough came to this city as the representative of Bishop Louis S. Walsh and the Portland diocese, and the same train which arrived in Boston about 10 o'clock brought about 20 clergymen and more than half a hundred parishioners of the Cathedral Church, where Rev. Fr. Power had been located since his ordination in 1910.

Yesterday afternoon the body was removed from the home of Rev. Fr. Power's parents at 12 Eldora St. to the church, where it lay in state until the funeral services today. Last night the clergy of the Mission Church read the office for the dead and the men of the various societies of the parish recited the rosary. Until well into the night hundreds of people who knew Rev. Fr. Power as a boy of the parish filed by the casket.

When the services began at 11 o'clock this morning the big church was filled to overflowing. Rt. Rev. Mgr. McDonough, in his purple robes, occupied a place of honor within the sanctuary, where more than 50 priests from the Portland and Springfield diocese and this city also sat. In Portland, Me., Rev. Fr. Power was director of the Cathedral sanctuary choir and 15 of the young men who came to Boston for the services were given seats within the altar railing.

Among the delegations at the services were members of the St. Alphonsus Association, the Mission Church School Alumni,

the Mission Church Field Band and the Knights of Columbus from Portland.

Rev. John J. Frawley, CSSR, of the Mission Church, officiated as celebrant of the solemn high mass of requiem at 11 o'clock, assisted by Rev. Fr. Patrick Houlihan, rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception at Portland, as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Finn, a classmate of Rev. Fr. Power, as subdeacon. Rev. John Feldman, CSSR, of the Mission Church, was master of ceremonies. Others of the clergy taking part in the ceremony were Rt. Rev. Mgr. McDonough, Rev. Fr. Houlihan and Rev. Fr. Mahoney, all of Portland, and several of the fathers of the Mission Church Parish. The eulogy was preached by Rev. Fr. Richard Donahue, CSSR, of North East, Penn., a boyhood friend of the dead priest. The musical portion of the mass was by the choir of 60 men and boys, under the direction of E. F. Fassnacht, the organist, who also operated the chimes.

The honorary pallbearers were Rev. Thomas O'Dowd, Rev. Joseph Quinn, Rev. Joseph Sullivan, Rev. Dennis Martin, Rev. H. J. Hackett, all of Portland, Me., and Rev. Fr. John F. O'Connor of Jefferson, Mass. The active body bearers were Thomas Connolly, Joseph C. Woods, John J. Mahoney, Joseph Coulahan, William Coulahan, William J. McGlinchy, Thomas J. Kennedy and Victor McGinnis.

The funeral procession was headed by the Mission Church Field Band. The interment was in St. Joseph's Cemetery, West Roxbury.

One of a family of twelve children, his early years were passed at Roxbury, under the tutilege of the Redemporist Fathers of the Mission church of which his parents were members. After his primary education in the Catholic schools of his parish, he attended the Boston English High School from which he graduated with the class of 1900. His course here was followed by four years of private studies under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers at Boston College. Having decided to give his life to the service of the Master at the altar, he entered in September, 1905, the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada, where his course of Philosophy and Theology was completed under the immediate supervision of the Fathers of St. Sulpice, who conferred on him in testimony of his success, the degree of bachelor in canon law.

Of a retiring and modest disposition, Father Power gave early promise of those traits which characterized his priestly life. Thoroughly devoted to his work which apart from his ordinary duties of assistant in a large parish, comprised the inevitable burdens of organizing and training a sanctuary choir in the success of which he might have taken legitimate pride, even though his life work as a priest was by Divine Providence decreed to be of brief duration, we feel that we may in all sin-

cerity offer our sympathy to his bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Power, his brothers and sisters, and to assure them that while they deplore the loss of a loving son and brother, the diocese of Portland mourns the departure of a devoted and faithful priest.

CHARITABLE

In these days of many schemes and fads, we hear a lot about settlement works, social betterment, organized charities, governing boards, etc. We find them in every city of any importance where they doubtless accomplish some good, but we are led to remark that the organization frequently costs about as much as does the relief brought to the suffering humanity. The work is considered of such importance that we usually find a body of paid officers who devote their time towards spending the balance of the funds remaining after their salaries have been paid, on without doubt the worthy and deserving poor. We do not question their motives in the least, but we feel that much more might be accomplished if the work were placed on the same lines as are our Catholic charities, for as one of our exchanges, the New Orleans Morning Star has so aptly expressed the Catholic idea of charity that we feel we should place the same before our readers. "All Catholic charitable work," says the Star," is done without pay. Every board that presides over Catholic institutions gives its services gratis, as do the vast number of priests and sisters who serve untiringly, the aged, the infant, the sick, the poor outcast leper, and the social castaway. Paid charity is abhorent to the Catholic mind, and it is because this service of charity is done with the pure intention of serving Jesus Christ alone, with no thought of personal gain, is the one reason why it is so successful."

The means placed at the disposal of our Catholic charitable societies are not large, but when handled as they are by the St. Vincent de Pauls and other kindred organizations which make this work one of love without any thought of gain, one easily sees how the field of charity is broadened and how every cent is devoted to the laudable purpose of its charitable giver.